

**The Contented Cripple.**

"I saw in Killis," says Dr. Dwight, "a poor cripple who had been brought there lately from a place in the Taurus Mountains, and was rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel. The hovel that he was in would not have been considered fit for animals in America. It was built of mud, had only the ground for a floor, and a single low room. He was lying on his back, with nothing but a piece of coarse hair bagging under him, and his head was supported by a very small and thin straw pillow, resting upon a pile of stones. He was covered with rags and filth, and his bodily infirmities excited our deepest pity. His bony hands were drawn firmly together, so that he could by no means open them, and his elbows were quite stiff. The flesh was gone from both hands and arms; and I presume, in a great measure, from his whole body. If ever there was in this world an object of pity that man was such an object. And yet, from the time we entered the room until we left it he never uttered one word of complaint, never even spoke of his pains and sufferings, or of his poverty; but his whole conversation and his whole appearance were those of a most perfectly contented, cheerful, and happy man. For twenty years he has been in this crippled condition, unable to move his limbs: and before that he was a robber, and lived by his own wickedness.

"Four years ago, while in his mountain village, he first heard of the Protestants. Afterward, some copies of the New Testament found their way to his village, and one of them was read from in his hearing. A native Protestant first explained to him the gospel way of salvation; and two years ago he thinks he received by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, and ever since he has been filled with peace and joy.

"Many a king and emperor might well envy his lot. Within the last year, notwithstanding all the discouragements of his condition, he has actually learned to read, and now he keeps the New Testament by his side, and from time to time comforts his desolate heart by reading from its sacred pages. He appears to be somewhat over fifty years of age. Truly, here is a miracle of grace. I asked him if he felt that his sins were forgiven; 'yes,' he said, 'by the grace of God our Saviour, Jesus Christ, I have found peace. I have no hope in anything else but Christ, but through him I have found peace and joy.' He said he had no fear of death left, but was ready to depart whenever it should be God's will. I asked particularly about the terms on which the sinner can be admitted to heaven. Said he: 'It is all by the free grace of God. Nothing that the sinner can do can ever avail to purchase pardon and eternal life,